



THE FINANCIAL MUDDLE.

AND IF THE BLIND LEAD THE BLIND THEY SHALL BOTH FALL INTO THE DITCH. MATTHEW XV. 14.

PEN PICTURE

Of William J. Bryan, the Democratic Leader.

Alfred Henry Lewis, in a letter from Chicago to the New York Journal says: The country is about to hear a vast deal of William Jennings Bryan. He stands to-day on the threshold of national advertisement. No apology is needed as preliminary to telling all one knows of him. My first glimpse of Bryan was during the speakership fight, when Crisp won over Mills, December, 1891, and was given the House gavel in the Fifty-second Congress. Bryan had been elected from one of the middle districts of Nebraska. He made his advent in Washington about two weeks before Congress convened. At once he attached himself to the Springer boom for the Speakership. It wasn't much of a boom, but it was big enough for Bryan and he voted for Springer to the bitter end. There were five candidates at the start—Mills, Crisp, Hatch, Springer and McMillin. It came finally to two—Mills and Crisp. Bryan, whose name on the caucus list was called earlier than Springer's had already voted for the Illinois statesman and let it stand. Bryan never voted for Crisp. Bryan was given a position on the ways and means, a coin of legislative advantage, for which all House members struggled. Bryan's elevation by Crisp to this eminent House perch was due to two matters—geography and Springer. Bryan was in the right spot on the map. Aside from that, when Springer agreed to bring his people to Crisp, it was distinctly a specification that Springer's friends were to be cared for. The deal was made in the House lobby.

"If you are ever going to do anything for Crisp," said O'Ferrall, now governor of Virginia, then one of Crisp's chief lieutenants—Bourke Cockran and General Tom Catchings were the others—"if you are ever going to do anything for Crisp," repeated O'Ferrall, speaking to Springer and Holman, "the time to do so has arrived; it is now or never."

"Can you win?" asked Springer anxiously. "If I bring you the few friends who are left to me can you elect your man? I don't ask on my own account, but I've heard these men of mine in a slaughter pen for two days; I won't lead them to another."

"We can elect Crisp if you will help us," declared O'Ferrall, "and every friend of yours will be looked after."

"I ask nothing for myself," said Springer, "but I want these men who have stood by me through heat and trouble taken care of."

"It shall be done," said O'Ferrall; my word and honor on it."

That was the deal which made Crisp Speaker and which proved the tap root of Bryan's nomination five years later at Chicago. O'Ferrall and Springer little thought as they conferred in the House lobby that they were selecting a Democratic candidate for the Presidency five years from that time. But none the less they were. It elected Crisp to the chair, placed Bryan on the ways and means with Springer chairman and opened an avenue to House prominence for the young Nebraskan that proved his political beginning in a national way. The Fifty-second Congress which followed the overthrow of McKinleyism was rife of young men. Among the most prominent of these were three from Massachusetts—Andrew, George Fred William and Sherman Hoar. These were about Bryan's age. They were early in meeting the boy from the Platte and they visibly elicited themselves on their—as they took it—superiority over him. As day drifted in the wake of day this "superiority" they joyed in was found to be imaginary, not real.

Bryan is in person of middle height, strongly and without giving anyone a fatty impression, stockily built. His shoulders are broad enough to excite the approval of a Norse Viking; his chest is as deep as that of a race horse. Nor is he overbroad about the waist and he looks what he is—a man of perfect health and immense physical power. Mounted on Bryan's square shoulders is a square head. His hair is black and receding rather than docile, defies brush and comb and tumbles and tosses with a method of its own. This wayward black hair, coarse as a pony's, would give Bryan a shaggy effect were it not for the relief he gives the situation by completely shaving his face. No beard, no moustache, has the freedom of Bryan's visage. Every trace is cheerfully moved away with the light of each new day, and when the world meets the young statesman he's as snug and smooth as a pulpit.

There is nothing soft, yielding or effeminate about Bryan; nothing of the willow. His eye is dark, his complexion swarthy, with the bluish, not the Spanish, swarthy; his nose an emphatic curve, his mouth well widened and firm and his whole face founded on a jaw, the very seat of power, and as square hewn and indomitable as if cut from the living rock. It is a mistake to call Bryan a "Populistic blatherskite" as a paper with more of billingsgate than brains recently did. Bryan's whole instinct is conservative. He goes not easily to the new. Like all well-balanced, well-built men

Bryan is a creature of his environment. He is for a low tariff; yes. He is for an income tax, an anti-option bill, a free silver dollar; yes. He is for all of these. Why? Because they are as naturally a Nebraskan product of principle as corn is a natural Nebraskan product of the soil. There would be neither sense nor justice in alarming the East, not much acquainted with the man at best, by picturing Bryan as some Danton or some Robespierre, the apostle of disorder, bent to cast all into chaos and then cement chaos with blood. Bryan is nothing of the sort. He is wise, he is faithful to trust; honest, with the probity of the sun; morally as well as physically brave and, above all, as much the patriot as any who at our country's beginning suffered through a Valley Forge, to rejoice at a Yorktown. It skills not, aids not, yields nothing to the comfort or glory of the gold or any other cause to belie this man. Give him his due and tell of him the truth as one would have done had he arrived from Massachusetts instead of Nebraska or in his political upcome been able to show a railroad or a bank in his pedigree. His honesty, his sincere patriotism are not to be impugned. What he asks for nationally may be proper subject of debate and, perchance, refusal, but the man himself is no more to be corrupted than a diamond.

Personally, Bryan will win all who approach him. As a man none who know him will refuse him respect. Politically, Jefferson would adopt him. Jackson take his hand and espouse his cause. Young as he is Bryan is of the old party and in his nomination the careful searcher will find only a renaissance of the ancient Democracy. It is excellent in Bryan's favor that he is founded on himself. No coteries control him; no syndicate has paid his debts and holds in his strong box \$118,000 of his uncanceled notes of hand to some sword of Damocles suspended over him as a man or President. All there is of Bryan is Bryan, unless one excepts his wife, who, with all that's good about him, is the best thing about him still. She is a woman tender and true, cultured and refined, and has been a similes, as well as a star to guide, in all of Bryan's life. She will win well and wear long should fate find her on March 4 next "the first lady of the land."

Bryan is what they call "magnetic." Men like him. He is pleasant to the eye, to the ear, and soothes by his presence and never troubles. No man ever saw him in a passion. He is cool and of flawless temper. No flush of irritation ever reddened his cheek. He is of good poise and his emotions sit steadily, as become the emotions of one who, with care for himself, eats thrice a day, scoffs at dyspepsia and sleeps soundly at nights. Bryan is well, even highly, educated. He has dug through books and tunneled learning equal with any dusty, musty college professor of them all. More than books he has studied men, and their lives have been his lessons. He has a memory like wax, and all he has heard or read or seen abides with him.

Bryan is not so profound as quick, and with an intellect rather military than philosophical, he makes weapons of all he knows, and every scrap of learning belonging to him is at prompt and ready hand to be either defensive or offensive, as his swift genius or combat may decide. It is not too much to say of Bryan that the arena of politics presents no one to-day who, with fuller information, more pleasing address, more ready eloquence, and a quicker wit, can cope with and overcome him. I don't want to discourage anybody about to follow that leader in the chains of a syndicate, but in any form of politics Bryan would outtop and overpower McKinley as might a man a child.

During the Fifty-second Congress the tariff affairs of the Democracy were limping. The pugnacious bills that Springer had framed had neither dignity nor tone. They were quietly sneered at by the Democrats and jeered and scoffed at by the Republicans in every high and open place. It was not until Bryan made his first tariff speech in the House that the Democracy took heart and regarded life worth living. It was a wonderful thing in oratory, this first tariff speech of Bryan. It was even more of a triumph than the Chicago eloquence of the other day. On this tariff occasion the Republicans, with the cynical Reed at their head, were there to carp and say sharp things and ask sharp questions and make bitter interruption. One after another the orators of the Democracy, some of them old in forensic war, had been riddled by Reed's sarcasm and made to fly. Crisp, in the chair, was also in despair. At last Bryan was sent into the thick of the House battle. He came with the advantage of a musical voice, a bright eye, and a pleasing personality. Nor did he talk ten minutes until he developed the fact that he was a master of English and had as well such a command of the subjects as comes only to men who have burned the midnight lights of studious preparation. It is of no avail peculiarly to go in detail over a debate that's long since over and gone. Suffice it that Bryan's speech was the event of the session. Every thrust of Reed he parried; every blow he

stopped and countered. Time and again the big man from Maine was made to draw back from collisions he had sought himself, discomfited in his face, while the House howled. For a new man—a young man, one who had never talked ten minutes in the House before—the feat was marvelous. At the close of his effort Crisp and the fathers of the House congratulated him, and even Republicans, while disagreeing, came across and shook him by the hand. That speech saved the reputation of the House Democracy and fixed forever Bryan's standing as a master of forensic fence.

What was to be admired most was the absolute stability of the man; no more to be stamped than a mountain; no more to be put to flight than a tree. In the Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses Bryan was in the forefront of party battles many times. In his second Congress, while still a member of the ways and means, with Wilson at the head, he not only made the leading speech for the Wilson bill, but a speech so full and exhaustive for free silver, 16 to 1, that Culberson, of Texas, himself the Socrates of the House Democracy, said:

"That exhausts the subject; it's the best possible setting forth that the cause of free silver can get."

During his Congressional career Bryan led in the forces for low tariff, free silver, free sugar, the income tax; fought to repeal the national bank acts and consequently aided Uncle William Hatch to pass his anti-option. On appropriations Bryan was against extravagance and stood as the persistent champion of economy.

FIFTY THOUSAND PHOTOGRAPHS.

The Great Criminal Picture Gallery of the London Police.

The camera is, of course, the detective's most efficient aid. At Scotland Yard and in all central police offices, volumes of photographs are preserved and studied more assiduously than the most prized family album, says the London Standard. The police have shown such tender regard for the convicts who have once passed through their hands that the collection of photographs at Scotland Yard amounts to 50,000, and lest in the whirlwind of time some part of the distinguished career of the original should fade from official memory, a record of their past is written by the side of the photograph.

Police officers come from far and near to inspect these albums, and an inconvenient habit they have of recognizing a person who has once been "lugged" makes the convict very shy of the honor they are always anxious to bestow upon him before restoring him to freedom. Nor are the authorities content with the ordinary picture. They like to have the convict both full face and in profile, and accomplish this end by the exceedingly ingenious but simple expedient of placing a mirror near the convict's head. Profile and full face are thus obtained at one sitting.

Photography has thus rendered it practically impossible that any man who has been a convict can, on the commission of a second crime, enjoy the benefit of being regarded as a first offender.

MR WRAGGE'S ADVENTURE.

And How it Resulted in a Temporary Change of Name.

A stout man with a rufous face stood in front of a fire hydrant on Jersey City Heights yesterday, just as the city employed turned on a stream to flush the street. The volume of water drenched the fat man from the waist down. "Well, that's a pretty trick," he exclaimed, as he looked at his saturated trousers. "Why didn't you holler?" "I beg your pardon, sir," said the man, "but I didn't think this plug would squirt so far and so high. I hope you won't report me."

"No," said the stout citizen, who seemed to be a good-natured sort of a man, "I won't report you, but I'll have to change my name until I get dry."

"Change your name?" echoed the street sprinkler. "I don't understand you. Why will you have to change your name?"

"Well, it's just this way, my friend," responded the victim of the high squinting plug. "My name is Wrage—Washington D. Wrage, generally known among my friends as Wash Wrage. From now until this water evaporates, I will be known as Wet Wrage. See?" and the fat citizen walked off, leaving an aqueous trail behind him, and the city employee in some perplexity as to the real significance of the joke.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at Massie's Pharmacy, 109 Jefferson street, Roanoke.

That Columbia Survey is a daisy. Two more sold yesterday by Yost-Forrer Co.

Spring Fruits
Indulged in too freely give pain.

Gripes,
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LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.
Quickly and surely, nothing better, few equal it, in Cramps, Cholera Morbus and Stomach or Bowel Troubles, and pains of all kinds.
50c bottle holds 24 times as much as a 25c bottle.

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LUNATICS' INVENTIONS.

Strange to Say Some of Them Are Sensible and Practical.

"A lunatic asylum is about the last place any one would search for ingenious and valuable inventions, isn't it?" said the resident physician of one of the largest of these institutions to a St. Louis Republic reporter. "We have a patient in this asylum now who believes he is shut up in the old Fleet Prison for the national debt. In the hope of raising the money to pay this trifle and obtain his release, he has for the last two years devoted his poor brains to inventing things. Strange to say, among a host of utterly absurd ideas, he actually has produced two which are really practical. His friends and I have supplied him with such harmless material as he requires, and he has just finished a simple automatic contrivance for the head of a lawn tennis racket, to pick up the balls and abolish stooping. It works perfectly well, and I'm so convinced there is money in it that I've advised his friends to secure a patent for him in case he becomes cured. His other invention is of a different kind, being a really efficacious preventative of seasickness."

"It's very simple; two of its components are in every kitchen and the rest in every chemist's shop. I have successfully tested it myself on two occasions recently, when crossing the channel in very stormy weather."

"As an instance of the cleverness of lunatics, it may interest you to know that a very valuable improvement connected with machinery, and now in daily use everywhere, was invented by an inmate of an asylum well-known by every one by name. As he is now quite cured, and is a somewhat prominent man, I won't mention any details; but his invention, designed and modeled as a diversion while absolutely insane, has since brought him in thousands of pounds."

OPERA BY TELEPHONE.

Airs Sung in Paris Are Enjoyed in London.

An experiment was recently made to transmit by telephone to London Mr. Duverney's new opera, "Helle," performed at the Grand Opera House in Paris, says an exchange. By means of the telephone cable connecting Calais and Dover, through telephonic communication was established to the Pelican House, London, where, by means of the electrophone, a form of loud speaking telephone, it was possible to listen to an opera rendered in Paris.

The first trial was unsuccessful, owing to the state of the weather, which seriously disturbed the line. A second attempt was made, however, on another evening, when it is claimed that the sounds, though faint, were heard with delightful clearness, particularly M. Delmas and M. Alvarez, the tenor. The female voices were not so distinct. The violin accompaniment of the orchestra was faint, while the bass and oboe selections were very much in evidence.

FRENCH CURRENCY.

The richest country in the world, so far as currency is concerned, is France, where the people have \$36.81 of currency per capita. Next comes Australia, \$26.05 per head; the United States is third, \$26.02; the Netherlands fourth, \$24.34; then follows Portugal, \$21.06, and Great Britain, with \$20.44 per head, is sixth.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

QUALIFIED.

"Want somebody to help out?" he inquired of the head bookkeeper. "Are you quick at figures?" "Yes sir."

"How quick are you?" "I'm so quick that I can follow up the arithmetic a candidate puts out in the newspapers when he's countin' votes. A man can't be quicker'n that, can he?"—Washington Star.

INFANTILE.

"What a sweet baby you have, Mrs. Wheeler? Does it talk at all yet?" "Yes, it can say 'mamma' beautifully. We are going to put it on a bicycle next week."

"How nice! Does it walk at all?" "Oh, dear no! Why, it's only seven months! Not for half a year yet!"—Pearson's Weekly.

CONDENSED TESTIMONY.

Chas. B. Hood, Broker and Manufacturer's Agent, Columbus, Ohio, certifies that Dr. King's New Discovery has no equal as a Cough remedy. J. D. Brown, Prop. St. James Hotel, Ft. Worth, Ind., testifies that he was cured of a Cough of two years standing, caused by La Grippe, by Dr. King's New Discovery. B. F. Merrill, Baldwinville, Mass., says that he has used and recommended it and never knew it to fail and would rather have it than any doctor, because it always cures. Mrs. Hemming, 232 E. 25th street, Chicago, always keeps it at hand and has no fear of Croup, because it instantly relieves. Free trial bottles at Massie's Pharmacy.

"The Fair" is now open at No. 9 Salem avenue with a full line of stationary, glassware, etc. George Gravatt, Manager.

All 5c Cigars—Roig, Major's Seal, Shenandoah Club Little Duke, Kosnuth, Vantas, World's Favorite, Saboroso—six for 25c. Massie's Pharmacy.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." The Sterling wheel fills the bill. Yost-Forrer Co. sell it.

VIRGINIA HARBORS.

Reports of Government Improvements in Southeastern Virginia.

Washington, July 22.—Capt. T. L. Casey, in charge of river and harbor improvements in Southeastern Virginia and Northeastern North Carolina, has made his annual report for the War Department. At Norfolk harbor the report states in order to enable deep draft vessels of the United States navy to reach the navy yard on the Southern branch and to accommodate the increasing commerce, a greater depth is necessary and during the year dredging was in progress to accomplish this end. A balance of \$100,000 is available for carrying on the work. The volume of commerce passing through the harbor in 1895 was \$82,641,064.

During the progress of the work on the Appomattox river 18,000 cubic yards of material were removed. The amount available for carrying on the project is \$5,080.

The inland water route from Norfolk to Albemarle Sound through Currituck Sound, the report states is one of the most important links in the chain of inland water communication along the Atlantic coast. The channels of this route seem to maintain themselves very well, the only apparent causes for deterioration being by caving of banks due to the action of swells of passing steamboats and from the fact that rafts frequently run aground. Dredging was in progress on this canal during the year. An available balance of \$10,886 remains on hand.

CLOTHES OF A PRINCE.

Prices, Wales Pays For, His and What Becomes of Them.

The Prince of Wales always orders eight suits at a time, and they are paid for at the uniform price of \$40, says the Argonaut. His trousers, too, always cost a uniform price—\$12 a pair. This rule, however, does not apply to uniforms and his dress suits, of which latter he uses twelve in a year, at a cost of \$80 each. The prince never wears a pair of trousers more than four times, and as his discarded clothes are not among the perquisites of his valet, there is a stock of thousands of them at Marlborough House. At his death he will doubtless have as large a collection as did King George, the Fourth, the auction of whose clothes extended through three weeks.

All the prince's clothes, old and new—except his hats, which for some reason are kept at Sandringham—are stored at Marlborough House, in what are known as the "brushing rooms, where several men are kept busy looking after them. The uniform and state robes alone at Marlborough House are insured for \$20,000, so that his entire wardrobe must represent a very comfortable fortune.

INFLUENCE OF A SINGLE BOOK.

Thoroughly Studied, it Helped a Judge Through His Whole Career.

Of the influence of a single book thoroughly learned, a distinguished Maine judge gives evidence, says the Lewistown Journal. A lawyer engaged in the trial of a case came into the room where the judge was chatting with friends and began to search among the law books. "What are you looking for?" queried the judge. "I'm looking for a decision relating to a parol sale of grass," replied the attorney. "You'll find that in the Thirtieth Maine Report; Cutler against Pope," said the judge.

"You seem to have that on your tongue's end," said the lawyer jokingly. "When I was a boy," said the judge, "I had one law book that was my own, and but one. That was a copy of the 'Thirtieth Maine Report.' I read that book over and over until I almost had it by heart. And I have never seen the time since, in my practice and my work as a judge, when that book was not at solid foundation under my feet. Its cases seemed to spread out and fit, either directly or by analogy, into thousands of questions I have had to pass upon. I had it so thoroughly I could recall it when the doctrines of other books were not at all clear to me."

MOWING DOWN WHISKERS.

Calculating the Square Inches of Face a Man Shaves in a Lifetime.

"Did you ever stop to think," said a Kansas City barber the other day to a Kansas City World reporter, "how much surface a man shaves over in his lifetime, if he shaves every day?"

"No," replied the lathered face. "Well, I never did either until a friend of mine with a perfect mania for figures came here a few days ago to get a hair cut. We got to talking about the trouble of shaving every day, and the first thing I knew he had his hands out from under the apron and was figuring away at a great rate. He made me take the time to make a half dozen measurements on his face. When he got through I was astonished to find that the man who shaves himself every morning has moved down a big field of whiskers at the end of his lifetime. He announced his result about like this:

"The average man has twenty square inches of beard on his face—a large face, well covered with bristles, will figure twenty-five or thirty inches. If a man with twenty square inches of face shaves every morning, he will scrape over 7,300 square inches in a year. Now, if he shaves from the time he is 20 until he is 70 years old, he will have shaved 365,000 square inches of beard. This, reduced to feet, is 2,534 square feet, or more than one-twentieth of an acre. A pretty good patch of whiskers."

UNDISTURBED.

"Do my vocal lessons disturb you?" asked the young woman with musical ambitions. "Not that I know of," replied the truthful young man.

"Why, I should think you'd know if they did."

"No. Since the dentist took the front room on the first floor for an office I can't tell whether you're practicing music or he's practicing his profession."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Rhodie Noah, of this place, was taken in the night with cramping pains and the next day diarrhoea set in. She took half a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and the first dose relieved her. Another of our neighbors had been sick for about a week and had tried different remedies for diarrhoea, but kept getting worse. I sent him the same remedy. Only four doses of it were required to cure him. He says he owes his recovery to this wonderful remedy.—Mrs. Mary Sibley, Sidney, Mich. For sale by the Chas. Lyle Drug Co.



IN getting up a wedding trousseau, think how many women are tired out. Dress-makers, seamstresses, shop-girls, milliners—all hard-worked and weary over it; to say nothing of the young lady herself. Sitting or standing all day is the hardest kind of work; it gives you no healthy well-balanced exercise; part of the body is overworked and the rest of it is underworked. The system grows sluggish; the appetite is poor, the stomach is out of order; the bowels are constipated, you have headaches and dizzy spells. It's impossible for you to take as much out-of-door exercise in the daylight as you need. There is a little help you can have in the circumstances. It is a simple laxative medicine like Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They will, as nearly as any medicine can, supply the want of free exercise which is lacking in all in-door work. They cure dyspepsia, biliousness and constipation in a pleasant, bituminous and natural way. There is no gripping or weakening effect with the "Pleasant Pellets;" they act surely but gently; they promote liver action, and give tone and strength to the stomach and intestines to do their own work. When you become regular the "Pellets" can be stopped. You don't have to take them forever. The cure is permanent.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are small sugar-coated granules; agreeable to take. Children like them. If the druggist wants to sell you some other pills that pay him better, just think of what pays you. You will receive a sample package free if you will send your name and address to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, By Dr. R. V. Pierce, M. D., Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, a book of 1008 large pages, over 300 illustrations, some of them in color, bound in strong paper covers will be sent to any one sending 21 cents in one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only. Over 600,000 copies of this complete family Doctor Book already sold in cloth binding at regular price of \$1.50.

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